Alarmes. Enter Warwicke.

War. Sore ſpent with toile, as runners with the race,
I lay me downe a little while to breathe,
For ſtrokes receiude, and many blowes repaide,
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And force perforce, needs muſt I reſt my ſelfe.

Enter Edward.

Edw. Smile gentle heauens, or ſtrike vngentle death,
That we may die vnleſſe we gaine the day:
What fatall ſtarre malignant frownes from heauen,
Vpon the harmeleſſe line of Yorkes true houſe?

Enter George.

George. Come brother come, lets to the field againe,
For yet there's hope enough to win the day:
Then let vs backe to cheere our fainting Troopes,
Leaſt they retire now we haue left the field.
War. How now my Lords, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Richard running.

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, why haſt thou withdrawne thy ſelfe?
Thy noble father in the thickeſt throngs,
Cride ſtill for *Warwicke*, his thrice valiant ſonne,
Vntill with thouſand ſwords he was beſet,
And many wounds made in his aged breſt,
And as he tottring ſate vpon his ſteede,
He waft his hand to me, and cride aloud,
Richard, commend me to my valiant ſonne,
And ſtill he cride, *Warwicke* reuenge my death,
And with thoſe words he tumbled off his horſe,
And ſo the noble *Salsbury* gaue vp the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with his bloud,
Ile kill my horſe, becauſe I will not flie:
And heere to God of heauen I make a vow,
Neuer to paſſe from forth this bloudy field,

Till I am full reuenged for his death.
Edw. Lord *Warwicke*, I do bend my knees with thine,
And in that vow now ioyne my ſoule to thee,
Thou ſetter vp and puller downe of Kings,
Vouchſafe a gentle victory to vs,
Or let vs die before we loſe the day.
George. Then let vs haſte to cheere the ſouldiors harts,
And call them pillars that will ſtand to vs,
And highly promiſe to remunerate
Their truſty ſeruice, in theſe dangerous warres.
Rich. Come, come away, and ſtand not to debate,
For yet is hope of fortune good enough.
Brothers, giue me your hands, and let vs part
And take our leaues, vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen or in earth.
Now I that neuer wept, now melt in woe,
To ſee theſe dire miſhaps continue ſo.
Warwicke, farewell.
War. Away, away, once more ſweet Lords farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Richard at one doore, and Clifford at the other.

Rich. A *Clifford*, a *Clifford.*
Clif. A *Richard*, a *Richard.*
Rich. Now Clifford, for Yorke and young *Rutlands* death,
This thirſty ſword that longs to drinke thy bloud,
Shall lop thy limbes, and ſlice thy curſed heart,
For to reuenge the murders thou haſt made.
Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that ſtab'd thy father *Yorke*,
And this the hand that ſlew thy brother *Rutland*,
And heere's the heart that triumphs in their deaths,
And cheeres theſe hands that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.

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